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AUTHORITY

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN

10¢
GOLDEN
COMIXES

NO...NO...THIS **CAN'T** BE HAPPENING!
CAN'T YOU GET IT INTO YOUR HEADS...THAT
I'M **NOT JULIUS CAESAR?**

WAS JULIUS CAESAR REALLY
ALIVE...IN THE PERSON OF
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EXCITING STORY...
"BEWARE the *IDES* of MARCH!"





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- ☐ I enclose \$1.00 plus 25¢ shipping charge.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus postage.

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Automatic Firing Tripod Machine Gun

IT'S MAGAZINE FED—SWIVELS IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

Kids, here's an authentic reproduction of a U.S.A. type 1917A1 water cooled machine gun, loaded with devastating fire power. This high-powered hunk of fighting equipment loads ammunition right into the magazine like a real machine gun. Then, by means of the automatic repeating device it fires 10 rounds just as fast as you pull the trigger. It sets up sturdily on its tripod, and the swivel base turns in all directions to assure complete coverage and range, with a special sight attachment to insure a direct hit. Imagine the thrill as you advance with your machine gun blasting the enemy in a hail of fast firing automatic repeating pellets.

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A full size target comes to you along with your exciting Tripod Machine Gun. Just like the army training program, you too can acquire great shooting skill, till in no time you'll be hitting the mark with deadly accuracy. But don't delay! Order now. Only \$1.98 plus 37¢ shipping charges.

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Rush my automatic repeating Tripod Machine Gun and target at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 day Free Trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.98 plus 37¢ shipping charges
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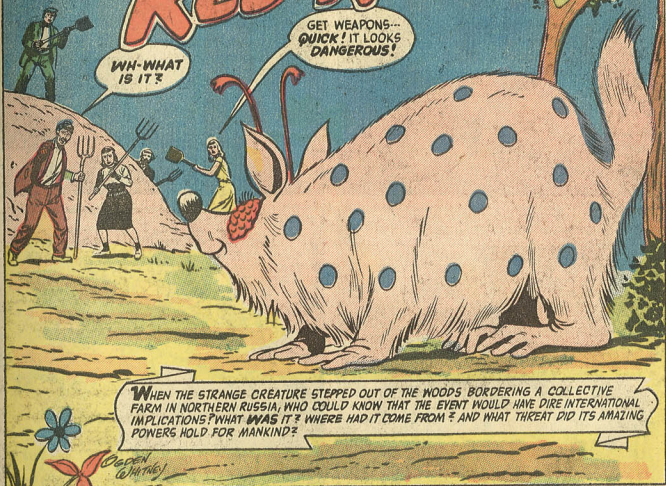
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1.98

ROSIE AND RED RUSSIA!



FEARFULLY THE SOVIET PEASANTS APPROACHED, PITCH-FORKS AND SHOVELS HELD MENACINGLY...



THE MYSTERIOUS ANIMAL OFFERED NO RESISTANCE! IT APPEARED FRIENDLY, DOCILE... ANXIOUS TO MAKE FRIENDS--



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BUT THE CREATURE PROVED QUITE TAME AND WAS SOON MADE A PET! WHEN IT WAS BROUGHT TO THE HEAD OF THE FARM...



YOU ARE AN EDUCATED MAN, SVORSKY... WHAT IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW! WE MUST SHIP IT TO MOSCOW... IT MAY BE A GREAT ZOOLOGICAL DISCOVERY!

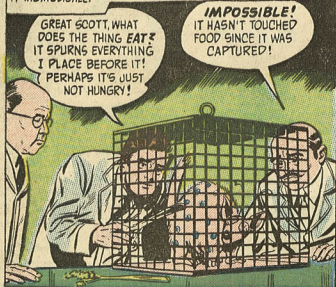
TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE CENTRAL ZOOLOGICAL AGENCY IN MOSCOW...



INCREDIBLE, VANYA! I CAN'T RELATE IT TO ANY KNOWN SPECIES!

IT SEEMS TO HAVE SUCH AN INTELLIGENT GLEAM IN ITS EYES!

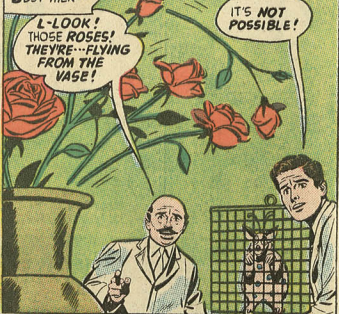
VANYA TCHEKOV, YOUNG ANIMAL EXPERT, WAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF THE CREATURE. HE SET ABOUT THE TASK OF STUDYING IT METHODICALLY...



GREAT SCOTT, WHAT DOES THE THING EAT? IT SPURNS EVERYTHING I PLACE BEFORE IT! PERHAPS IT'S JUST NOT HUNGRY!

IMPOSSIBLE! IT HASN'T TOUCHED FOOD SINCE IT WAS CAPTURED!

JUST THEN...



L-LOOK! THOSE ROSES! THEY'RE... FLYING FROM THE VASE!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

GENTLY THE ROSES WAFTED THROUGH THE AIR, DRAWN IRRESISTIBLY TO THE CAGE...



WHAT'S HAPPENING? ARE WE ALL GOING MAD?

IT'S EATING THEM! IT MUST HAVE A POWERFUL SUCTION MECHANISM IN ITS SNOUT!

WITHIN MOMENTS THE FLOWERS WERE DEVoured...

WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW HOW TO KEEP IT ALIVE! GENTLEMEN, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES I SUGGEST WE NICKNAME THE CREATURE... **ROSIE!**

A CAPITAL IDEA!



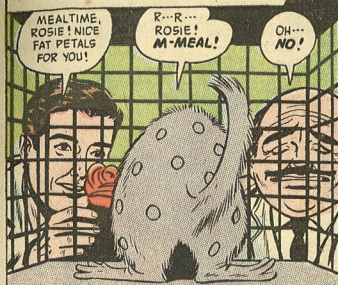
AT HOME THAT NIGHT, YOUNG VANYA TCHEKOV SPOKE OF ONLY ONE THING...

ROSIE IS AMAZING, NATASHA... AND SO LOVABLE!

LOVABLE? SHE SOUNDS PERFECTLY AWFUL!



THOUGH THE SCIENTISTS TRIED VARYING ITS DIET WITH OTHER FLOWERS, THE CREATURE ATE ONLY **ROSES!** WITHIN A FEW DAYS, A STARTLING DISCOVERY WAS MADE...



MEALTIME, ROSIE! NICE FAT PETALS FOR YOU!

R...R... ROSIE! M-MEAL!

OH... NO!



IT...IT SPOKE!

R-ROSES ...MEAL...

WE MUST INFORM OUR SUPERIORS!

HASTILY, A CONFERENCE OF IMPORTANT POLITICAL FIGURES AND SCIENTISTS WAS CALLED...



I SEE **GREAT PROPAGANDA POSSIBILITIES!** THINK OF IT... WE CAN TELL THE WORLD THAT RUSSIAN SCIENCE CAN TEACH BRUTE ANIMALS TO **SPEAK!**

BUT THAT IS NOT TRUE, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

YOU HAVE THE WRONG **ATTITUDE**, COMRADE TCHEKOV! I ADVISE YOU TO STICK TO YOUR **SCIENTIFIC** WORK AND LEAVE POLITICS TO **US!**

Y-YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY!



ROSIE'S VOCABULARY GREW SWIFTLY, AND WITHIN AN ASTONISHINGLY SHORT TIME...



I FEEL **CRAMPED** IN THIS CAGE! I NEED **EXERCISE!**

COMRADES, I SUGGEST WE GRANT ROSIE'S REQUEST! AFTER ALL, SHE'S A PERFECTLY **HARMLESS** CREATURE!

A FIERCE ARGUMENT ENSUED, WITH ALL VANYA'S COLLEAGUES OPPOSED TO THE IDEA! FINALLY...



BUT AT LEAST WE CAN ALLOW HER FRESH AIR IN THE OUTSIDE YARD! WE DON'T WANT HER TO GET **SICK!**

ALL RIGHT! BUT ONLY ON A **LEASH!** WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON HER **ESCAPING!**

AND SO EACH DAY ROSIE WAS ALLOWED A FEW HOURS OF FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE AT THE END OF A STRONG LEASH! AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, A LEADING RED DIGNITARY VISITED THE AGENCY SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, FLANKED BY TWO IMMENSE RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS! AS THEY CROSSED THE YARD...



WH-WHAT IS THAT THING? EASY THERE!

GRRRR!

WITH A SUDDEN LUNGE, THE FIERCE DOGS BROKE FREE AND BOUNDED WITH BARED FANGS TOWARD ROSIE...



BUT WHEN THE HOUNDS WERE WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THEIR PREY, THEY SUDDENLY STOPPED DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS...

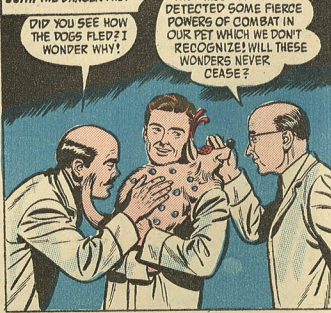


Then, INEXPLICABLY...



AMAZING! THEY WERE TERRIFIED OF ROSIE!

WITH THE DANGER PAST...



AT MEALTIME...



NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE SCIENTISTS ENTERED THE LAB--AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT GREETED THEM...



IT WAS QUICKLY DETERMINED THAT NO ONE HAD TAMPERED WITH THE CAGE DURING THE NIGHT--AND WHEN THE METALS EXPERT ARRIVED...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

Which of these Prizes Can We Send You?



Boy's and Girl's
Wrist Watch
NO COST



Flash Master Outfit
Camera-Bulbs-Film
NO COST



Archery Set*
54" Laminwood Bow
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MANY OTHER NO COST PRIZES



*Check local laws before ordering this prize

You can have any one of these wonderful prizes (shown above) at absolutely no cost to you. They are given without cost for selling just one 30-pack order of American Christmas Cards at 25c a pack. Each pack contains 5 cards and envelopes. Our big prize book sent with your first order of cards shows over 80 No Cost prizes to choose from. Amazingly easy; all you do is mail the coupon, sell your cards, get your prize.

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Everybody wants these new colorful, high-quality Christmas Cards—they've been sold from coast to coast for 38 years. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors. Many boys and girls sell their cards in one day and get their prize at once. You can, too.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope. Send no money. Your colorful cards and free prize book will be mailed to you at once. American Specialty Company, Dept. 10, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Our 38th Year

CUT OUT AND MAIL NOW

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY

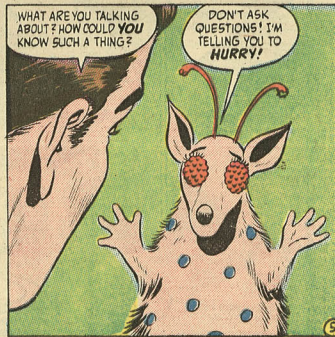
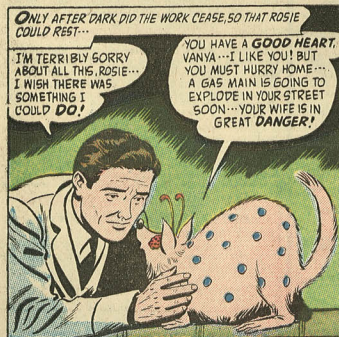
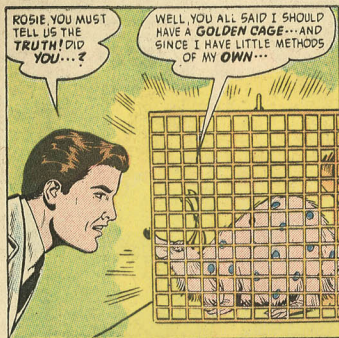
Dept. 10, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

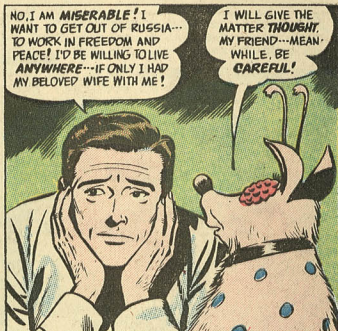
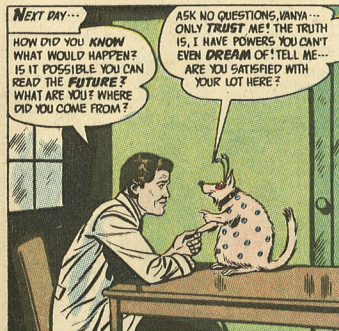
Please send me your big prize book and one 30-pack order of American Christmas Cards. I will sell them at 25c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize.

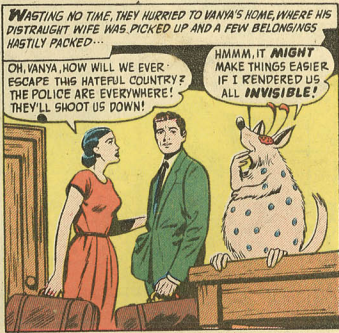
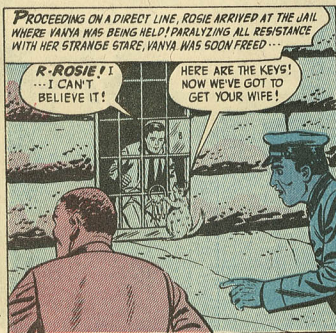
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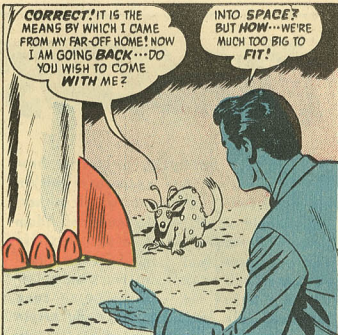


DEEP INTO THE WOODS THEY WENT, DEEPER, UNTIL FINALLY...



HERE WE ARE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS, VANYA?

IT LOOKS LIKE A... A TINY ROCKET SHIP!



CORRECT! IT IS THE MEANS BY WHICH I CAME FROM MY FAR-OFF HOME! NOW I AM GOING BACK... DO YOU WISH TO COME WITH ME?

INTO SPACE? BUT HOW... WE'RE MUCH TOO BIG TO FIT!



A SMALL PROBLEM! YOU'RE THE CORRECT SIZE NOW!

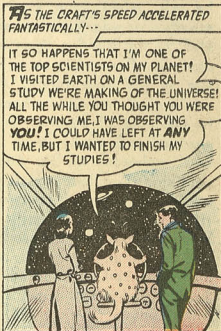
OHNN! WE...WE'RE TINY!

POP!

POP!



YOU'LL BE VERY HAPPY ON MY PLANET, FRIENDS... AND YOU'LL BE TREATED FAR BETTER THAN I WAS ON YOURS!



AS THE CRAFT'S SPEED ACCELERATED FANTASTICALLY...

IT SO HAPPENS THAT I'M ONE OF THE TOP SCIENTISTS ON MY PLANET! I VISITED EARTH ON A GENERAL STUDY WE'RE MAKING OF THE UNIVERSE! ALL THE WHILE YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE OBSERVING ME, I WAS OBSERVING YOU! I COULD HAVE LEFT AT ANY TIME, BUT I WANTED TO FINISH MY STUDIES!



VANYA AND HIS WIFE STARED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE VAST PANORAMA, WHILE CONSCIOUS OF THE POWERFUL ODOR OF ROSES WITHIN THE ROCKET...

AS FOR THE GOLD I MADE, I TURNED IT ALL BACK TO LEAD BEFORE I LEFT! WELL, SETTLE DOWN... IT'S A LONG JOURNEY! I MUST SAY I'M GLAD TO HAVE SOME SPECIMENS OF EARTH LIFE TO SHOW MY COLLEAGUES!



LIFE ON THE NEW PLANET PROVED GRATIFYING TO THE REFUGEE RUSSIANS! THEY HAD FREEDOM, COMFORT AND COURTESY FROM ALL THE INHABITANTS! IT WAS STRANGE, HOWEVER, TO BE TREATED AS CURIOSITIES! WHEN ROSIE MADE HER FINAL REPORT TO THE MAIN COUNCIL...

AS YOU CAN SEE, A PRIMITIVE SORT OF LIFE EXISTS ON EARTH!



IT IS OF A LOW ORDER OF INTELLIGENCE, INCAPABLE OF READING THE FUTURE OR MAKING THEMSELVES INVISIBLE AND SO FORTH! FURTHERMORE, THE ROSES ON THE PLANET ARE OF INFERIOR TASTE AND QUALITY, WHICH DOESN'T EVEN MAKE EARTH WORTH-WHILE FOR COLONIZATION!

THE END

FABULOUS ANIMAL

EVERY scientist, no matter how practical, has somewhere within him some radical theory at which authorities would scoff. In the case of Adam Collier, it was a belief in unicorns. He was convinced that these fabulous horned horses had actually at one time existed, and based his contention on cave pictures, folk lore and old manuscripts which he had collected. And his theory, he felt, might soon serve him in good stead. He was an archeologist on the staff of the Hudson Museum, whose curator, Dr. Farrand, was scheduled to retire in the near future. Adam's record was a good one, and he hoped to succeed to the post of curator. There was only one man in his way, Hugh Joiner, also a staff archeologist. But Adam hoped that publishing his theory concerning unicorns would gain him such renown that the position would automatically become his. So he published it, hopefully awaiting the reaction of the scientific world. It wasn't as he had anticipated. Led by Hugh Joiner, authorities everywhere ridiculed him, heaped scorn upon his research. And there, he felt, went his chance to become curator. The selection of the new museum head would not be made until after its Greek expedition was completed, but Adam Collier now had no hope whatsoever. The expedition was for the purpose of excavating remnants of ancient Greek culture, which it was felt would be found in the mountain wilds. It was led by Dr. Farrand, and two men shared the post of second in command...Adam and Hugh Joiner.

As might be expected, Joiner lost no opportunity for ridiculing Adam for his unicorn theory, hoping thus to solidify his selection as curator in Adam's place. And Adam had no choice but to grit his teeth and take it, because it looked cer-

tain that Hugh Joiner would soon be his next boss. And then came what Adam forever after referred to as The Day. Excavation results had so far been disappointing...no traces of ancient Greek culture were to be found in this vicinity. But this day, laborers came upon a collection of animal bones which told a mute, tragic story. The bones of a horse...surrounded by those of wolves. It was the old story...the wolves had hunted down and destroyed the horse. But...what had killed them? How could a horse have defended itself against these deadly marauders? A sudden wild idea tugged at Adam. Refusing to allow the laborers to toss the bones aside and continue their digging, he bent to examine the ancient remains. "Look, Collier," said Joiner, "you may not be much help on this expedition, but that doesn't mean you should hold up progress!"

"These wolves," said Adam slowly, "don't they look as if something...stabbed them? Look how these ribs are scared!"

"So what?" jeered Joiner. But Adam's wild exclamation closed off further speech. From the rib cavity of one of the wolves, he had extracted something. It was a long, straight, spirally twisted horn. "Let's take a look at that horse's skull!" he gasped.

It was just a regulation skull, except for one thing. From the forehead, something had obviously once projected...some bony structure which had been broken off, and left only a splintered outcropping behind it. "Unicorn!" whispered Dr. Farrand.

The new curator of the Hudson Museum proved the most popular in the history of that fine old institution. Obviously, he was a man who knew what he was talking about. Why shouldn't he...when he was Adam Collier?

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Calcium	75 mg.
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Cobalt	0.04 mg.
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Iodine	0.075 mg.
Potassium	2 mg.
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UNCANNY MYSTERIES

THE CASE OF
THE
VANISHING
INDIAN!



ED MORRIS WAS A MODERN COWBOY---RIDING
THE RANGE IN A JEEP---

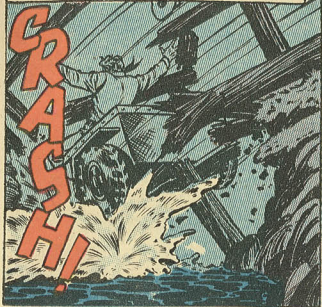
GOSH, I'M LATE GETTIN'
BACK TO THE RANCH---AND
ON A NEW JOB, TOO! WONDER
IF THERE'S ANY SHORT CUT
I COULD USE?



I'LL BET THAT BRIDGE'LL SAVE ME
MILES! IT LOOKS A LITTLE RICKETY
--- HOPE IT'LL TAKE THE JEEP'S
WEIGHT! ---AW, SURE IT WILL!



BUT ED WAS A BIT TOO OPTIMISTIC! NO SOONER HAD HE REACHED THE MIDDLE OF THE FRAIL CROSSING WHEN...



THERE WAS NO ESCAPE...HE WAS HOPELESSLY TRAPPED! FUTILE STRUGGLES ONLY BROUGHT THE END NEARER...

GOING DOWN...
NOTHING TO
SAVE ME...



UNHURT, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MOST DEADLY DANGER HE HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED...

IT'S...QUICKSAND!
I CAN'T GET OUT!



Then SUDDENLY...FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...

WHERE...WHERE'D
YOU COME FROM?



THIS WAS NO MODERN INDIAN, IN BLUE JEANS AND SHIRT...HE WAS LIKE A THROW-BACK TO A BYGONE CENTURY! BUT HE HAD ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE ED MORRIS'S LIFE...

THANK...
HEAVENS!



WEAKLY, HE THANKED THE BRAVE...NOTING ALMOST SUBCONSCIOUSLY THE MAN'S WITHERED LEFT ARM...

I...I OWE MY LIFE
TO YOU...I'LL BE
IN YOUR DEBT
FOREVER!



SHUDDERING, HE LOOKED FOR A MOMENT TOWARDS THE WATERY GRAVE FROM WHICH HE HAD BEEN RESCUED! HIS GLANCE HAD BEEN AVERTED FOR ONLY AN INSTANT... BUT IN THAT INSTANT THE INDIAN HAD DISAPPEARED!

WHAT THE...! WHERE'D
HE GO TO?



WHEN HE TOLD THE STORY TO THE BOYS
BACK AT THE BUNKHOUSE...

BUT IT'S THE
TRUTH,
FELLAS!
THAT'S
EXACTLY
WHAT
HAPPENED!

SEZ YOU!
WHY, THERE
HASN'T BEEN
AN INJUN IN
THESE PARTS
FOR YEARS!

SURE...AND
THE INJUNS
WERE USED
TO BE WERENT
INTERESTED
IN HELPIN'
WHITE MEN--
ONLY SCALPIN'
'EM!

AND A
DISAPPEARING
INDIAN YET...
WOTTA
LAUGH!

SURE
YOU
WEREN'T
DREAMIN'?

WISE
GUYS!
I'LL
SHOW
'EM
YET!

SATURDAY WAS THE BIG DAY IN
TOWN...BUT ED HAD OTHER THINGS
ON HIS MIND BESIDES ENTERTAINMENT...

BETTER GO ON
WITHOUT ME, BOYS
...I GOT BUSINESS IN
HERE!

IN THE
LIBRARY?
THEY GOT NO
DISAPPEARIN'
INDIANS IN THERE,
PAL!

But...THEY DID HAVE INDIANS IN THERE...

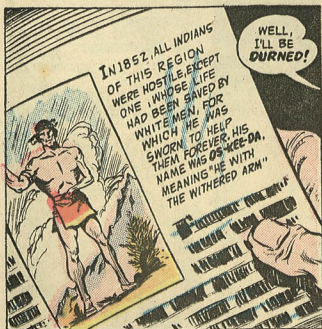
I FOUND IT!
YIPPEEE!

SILENCE

SH-HHH!

HEY, WHAT'S ED PUTTIN' UP
ON THE BULLETIN
BOARD?

C'MON, WE'LL
HAVE A LOOK!



WELL, FELLAS...WHAT
HAVE YOU GOT TO
SAY NOW?

IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE,
BUT...

...IT
HAPPENED!

THE END!

BEWARE *the* IDES *of* MARCH!

THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME IN THESE OLD ROMAN RUINS! BUT WHY DO I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS PLACE... AS IF I ONCE LIVED HERE LONG AGO?



A STRANGE DESTINY SEEMED TO PURSUE **TONY BLAKE**... A DESTINY HE COULD NOT EVADE! THROUGHOUT HIS STORMY CAREER, THERE HAD BEEN AMAZING EVENTS NO MAN COULD UNDERSTAND... MYSTERIOUS HINTS OF A FAMOUS HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF! FATE HAD TAKEN HIM TO THE HEIGHTS OF POWER... BUT WOULD IT ALSO DEMAND THE SAME GRIM CLIMAX?

IN THE SLUM AREA OF CHICAGO WHERE TONY BLAKE GREW UP, HE WAS THE LEADER OF HIS CROWD...

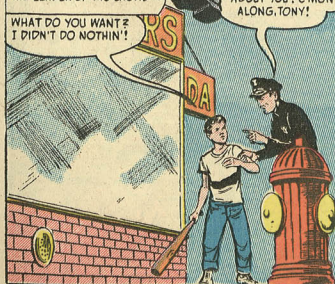
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!

I'M TIRED OF GETTING COMPLAINTS ABOUT YOU! C'MON ALONG, TONY!

JUVENILE AUTHORITIES HAD NO SUCCESS IN TRYING TO REFORM HIM...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TALENTS, SON! ACTUALLY, YOU'RE A **BORN LEADER**, AND COULD GO FAR IF YOU'D USE YOUR ABILITIES **CONSTRUCTIVELY!**

THANKS, MISTER! IT **SOUNDS** GOOD, ANYWAY!



IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD LOTS WHERE THE YOUNGSTERS PLAYED BALL, HE PROVED HIMSELF A GOOD ATHLETE, BUT CURIOUSLY ACCIDENT-PRONE...



OH-HH!
MY... MY
LEG...

AT THE CITY CLINIC...

THERE YOU ARE, KID---THAT'LL HOLD THE ANKLE! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST WAIT TILL I ENTER THIS ON YOUR RECORD...



GOSH, MY ACCIDENT FILE MUST BE A MILE LONG ALREADY!

LET'S SEE NOW---MARCH 15TH, 1935---SPRAINED ANKLE! HMM, THIS IS AWFULLY FUNNY---THIS IS THE THIRD STRAIGHT YEAR YOU'VE HAD AN ACCIDENT ON MARCH 15TH!



HUH? SAY,
THAT IS
FUNNY!

TONY WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL, TOOK LATIN ONLY BECAUSE IT WAS A REQUIRED COURSE! IT WAS ON THE VERY FIRST DAY IN CLASS THAT AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED---

ANYTHING WRONG, SON? YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING STARTLED YOU!



THAT WRITING ON THE BLACKBOARD! I CAN READ IT!

NON OMNIS
E PLURIBUS

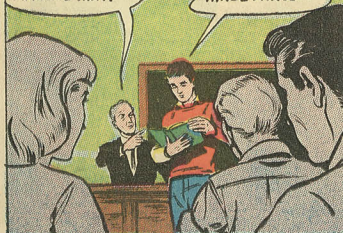
BUT HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE...UNLESS YOU KNOW LATIN?

I--- I **DON'T KNOW**---BUT I SEEM TO KNOW WHAT THOSE WORDS MEAN! NON---OMNIS---MORIOR---THAT MEANS "I SHALL NOT WHOLLY DIE!" AND E PLURIBUS UNUM MEANS "ONE OUT OF MANY."



THE SKEPTICAL INSTRUCTOR TOOK THE LAD TO HIS DESK, OPENED A COPY OF "CAESAR'S COMMENTARIES"---

YOU PROBABLY **KNEW** WHAT THOSE MOTTOES MEANT---LET'S SEE YOU TRANSLATE **THAT**!



I--- I'LL TRY! LET'S SEE, IT STARTS OUT---"ALL GAUL IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS---"

THE BOY'S TRANSLATION WAS ACCURATE AND SWIFT! STUNNED, THE TEACHER TOOK HIM TO THE PRINCIPAL, WHERE HE WAS PUT TO MORE RIGOROUS TESTS---

IT---IT'S **UNBELIEVABLE!** HE'S READ CICERO, OVID AND HORACE AS IF THEY WERE **ENGLISH!** TELL THE TRUTH, SON---WHERE'D YOU LEARN LATIN?



I TELL YOU I NEVER SAW THIS STUFF BEFORE!

THE BAFFLING MYSTERY WAS NEVER EXPLAINED! LATIN PROVED TONY'S FAVORITE SUBJECT, APART FROM ROMAN HISTORY...

AH, WHATCHA GOT YOUR NOSE IN A BOOK FOR? C'MON, WE'RE GETTIN' UP A BALL GAME!

I LIKE READING ABOUT THESE ROMAN BATTLES! I WISH I'D BEEN ALIVE IN THOSE DAYS!



SOON AFTERWARDS, A SECOND EXTRAORDINARY EVENT OCCURRED! THE INSTRUCTOR WAS TELLING THE FAMOUS STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CAESAR...

A SOOTHSAYER HAD WARNED CAESAR TO BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH... AND DESPITE HIS PRECAUTIONS, HE MET HIS FATE THAT DAY!

WHAT'S IT MEAN... THE IDES OF MARCH?



IDES IS AN OLD WORD MEANING THE 15TH OF ANY MONTH! THE IDES OF MARCH MEANS THE 15TH OF MARCH!

WHA-A-AAAT?
N-NO! I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

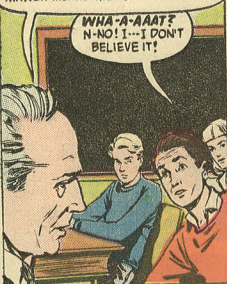
WHAT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE, TONY? AND WHY ARE YOU SO PALE ALL OF A SUDDEN?

N-NOTHING! IT'S JUST THAT I REMEMBERED SOMETHING... STRANGE!

THE GREAT WAR HAD JUST BROKEN OUT IN EUROPE WHEN TONY WAS READY TO GRADUATE FROM HIGH SCHOOL...

I HOPE YOU'LL GO ON TO COLLEGE, TONY! YOU COULD MAKE A GREAT LATIN SCHOLAR AND AUTHORITY ON ROMAN HISTORY... IF YOU'D PUT YOUR MIND TO IT!

THAT'S NOT FOR ME! I WANT TO GET INTO THE ARMY... THE INFANTRY... AND GET SOME EXCITEMENT!



ACTION CAME QUICKLY! WHEN AMERICAN FORCES LANDED ON THE BEACHES OF FRANCE, PRIVATE TONY BLAKE WAS IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE FIGHTING...

THE JERRIES HAVE THE WHOLE AREA ZEROED IN! SPREAD OUT WHEN WE HIT THE BEACH!

HE'S CRAZY! WE OUGHTA CAPTURE THAT HIGH GROUND FIRST!

RATTATAT!
KA-POW!



MURDEROUS ENEMY FIRE RAKED THE BEACH AND CASUALTIES WERE HEAVY...

THE LOOIE AND THE SARGE ARE DEAD! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO! FOLLOW ME!



LEADING THE CHARGE IN A SWIFT FLANKING MANEUVER, THE HEIGHTS WERE SOON TAKEN...

DIG IN! THERE'LL BE COUNTER MORTAR FIRE ON OUR HEADS IN A SECOND! YOU GUYS HEAR ME? I SAID...DIG IN!

SURE, TONY...
SURE!
ANYTHING YOU SAY!

TONY LED THE PLATOON IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, AND WHEN THE ALLIED POSITION WAS CONSOLIDATED...

YOUR QUICK THINKING AND LEADERSHIP QUALITIES SAVED A BAD SITUATION! FROM NOW ON, PRIVATE BLAKE, YOU'RE A **LIEUTENANT!**

THANK YOU, SIR!

IN THE MONTHS OF HARD FIGHTING AHEAD, THE YOUNG OFFICER DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AGAIN AND AGAIN! EACH PROMOTION ONLY GAVE HIM GREATER SCOPE FOR HIS TACTICAL GENIUS...

YOU'VE PLACED YOUR ARTILLERY **BRILLIANTLY**, CAPTAIN BLAKE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME AT **HEADQUARTERS**...AS A **MAJOR**?

IT'D SUIT ME **FINE**, COLONEL!

AS TACTICAL AND OPERATIONS OFFICER OF HIS REGIMENT, MAJOR BLAKE SOON BECAME KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE ARMY CORPS! HE WAS PRESENT AT THE MAKING OF MAJOR BATTLE PLANS...

THE FULL SCALE ATTACK STARTS AT DAWN! AND QUESTIONS?

EXCUSE ME, GENERAL...BUT I THINK WE'D STAND A BETTER CHANCE IF WE USED A SLIGHTLY **DIFFERENT PLAN!** MIND HEARING MY IDEAS?

THE HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS LISTENED IN STUNNED AMAZEMENT TO HIS COMPLETELY NEW CONCEPTION OF ATTACK...

WELL, GENERAL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

YOU...YOU'RE **RIGHT!** IT'S THE MOST **BRILLIANT** MANEUVER I EVER **HEARD** OF! SON, YOU'VE GOT THE MILITARY BRAIN OF A **JULIUS CAESAR!**

THE WORDS SEEMED TO TEAR THROUGH TONY LIKE MACHINEGUN BULLETS! HE TURNED PALE...

WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A **SHEET!**

N-NOthing, SIR! NOTHING AT ALL!

ABRUPTLY, HE LEFT THE ROOM...

PECULIAR FELLOW, DON'T YOU THINK, GENERAL?

GENIUSES USUALLY ARE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE **KNOWS** SO MUCH! WHY, HE'S NEVER HAD A DAY OF TRAINING IN THE **FUNDAMENTALS** OF TACTICS!

REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — SERVICE GAUGE PLASTIC
FOR LONG WEAR

• Waterproof. Easy to attach to seats for good fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure over-all seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with nylon thread for long wear and durability.

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Choice of split or front seat styles only \$2.98 each. Complete set for Front & Rear only \$5.00. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

5 day Money Back Guarantee!

MARDO SALES, L.L.-17

480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible
☐ Leopard Cowhide Design, Reversible
☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98
☐ Set (Front & Rear) \$5.00
☐ I enclose payment ☐ Send C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

RUSH

ORDER TODAY!



STYLE -400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat **\$2.98**

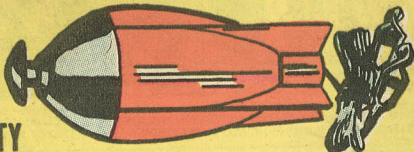
STYLE -500

Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth. Front or Rear. **\$2.98**



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- ★ NO BATTERIES
- ★ NO ELECTRICITY



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\$3.98

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OR C.O.D.

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Please send me _____ LITTLE ROCKET RADIO(S) at \$3.98 each. It is understood that I may return it within 10 days if I am not fully satisfied.

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Address _____

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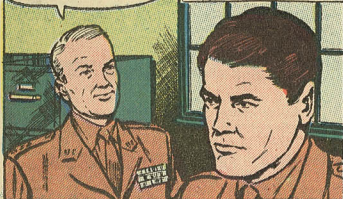
State _____

☐ I enclose payment. You pay postage. ☐ Send C.O.D.

IN ALL PROBABILITY, IT WAS ONLY THE SUDDEN END OF THE WAR WHICH PREVENTED TONY FROM BECOMING A GENERAL HIMSELF! BACK IN THE STATES...

ACCORDING TO ARMY REGULATIONS, YOU'LL NOW HAVE THE PERMANENT RANK OF **CAPTAIN!** BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU'VE GOT A GREAT CAREER AHEAD OF YOU!

NOT IN A **PEACETIME** ARMY, SIR! PROMOTIONS ARE TOO SLOW...AND THE LIFE TOO **DULL!**



BACK IN CHICAGO...

YOU WERE RIGHT TO GET OUTTA THE ARMY, TONY! I GOT ALL THE CONNECTIONS YOU NEED!

I'M NO PENNY-ANTE OPERATOR! LISTEN, I KNOW MORE ABOUT BATTLE TACTICS THAN ANYBODY SINCE **NAPOLEON!** I'M GONNA HIT THE **BIG TIME!**



SOON AFTERWARDS, ABOARD A SHIP HEADED FOR THE FAR EAST...

THERE ARE **STILL** SOME FIGHTING ARMIES IN THE WORLD, AND GOVERNMENTS THAT DON'T STAND IN THE WAY OF **BORN LEADERS!** WITH MY BRAINS I CAN BE AS POWERFUL AS **ANY MAN IN THE WORLD!**



IT TOOK MONTHS TO SLIP INTO CHINA AND CONTACT RED FORCES! BUT FINALLY...

WE'VE INVESTIGATED YOUR BACKGROUND **THOROUGHLY**, COMRADE BLAKE! YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE **EXCELLENT**, AND SINCE WE DESPERATELY NEED COMPETENT LEADERSHIP YOU WILL BE GIVEN A COMMAND IN OUR ARMY!

THAT'S ALL I ASK--A **CHANCE!**



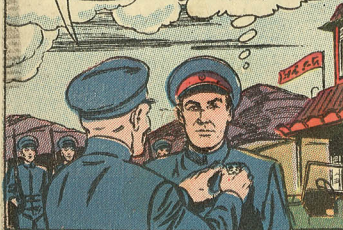
PUT IN CHARGE OF A RED REGIMENT, TURNCOAT TONY BLAKE ANNIHILATED NATIONALIST FORCES...



AFTER A SERIES OF SPECTACULAR VICTORIES, IT WAS **MAO TSE TUNG** HIMSELF WHO PROMOTED HIM TO GENERAL...

YOUR VALOR AND GENIUS ARE A GREAT ASSET TO OUR CAUSE!

ALL THESE POLITICS GIVE ME A PAIN! ALL I WANT IS **POWER**...AND I'M ON THE WAY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE PENTAGON, AMERICAN OFFICERS STUDIED THE CHINESE CAMPAIGN WITH DEEP INTEREST...

RED TACTICS IN THE YANGTSE CAMPAIGN WERE **BRILLIANT!**

I THOUGHT THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN IN THE WORLD CAPABLE OF SUCH COMPLEX MANEUVERS...**TONY BLAKE**...BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE REDS HAVE A BUDDING CAESAR OF THEIR **OWN!**



IN THE ENSUING YEARS, TRAITOR TONY BLAKE BECAME A COMMUNIST TROUBLE-SHOOTER! HE TOOK OVER RED FORCES FIGHTING IN INDO-CHINA, PUT DOWN A PEASANT REVOLT IN SOUTHERN CHINA AND MASTER-MINDED THE RED COUNTER-ATTACK WHICH ALMOST ROUTED THE U.N. FORCES---



HIS STAR ROSE EVER HIGHER IN THE BLOODY RED FIRMAMENT! HE HAD ONLY ONE SHORT SETBACK--A MINOR INJURY INFLICTED BY ENEMY FIRE---

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, GENERAL! YOU'LL BE ON YOUR FEET IN **NO TIME!**

BUT I---SHOULD HAVE BEEN **CAREFUL** TODAY! I FORGOT THAT IT WAS--- **MARCH 15TH!**



WHILE HE WAS RECUPERATING, A CHINESE DOCTOR WAS STARTLED TO HEAR HIM MUMBLING IN HIS SLEEP---

SUM---SUM CAESAR! SUM CAESAR!

STRANGE---HE'S SPEAKING LATIN! AND HE'S SAYING--- **"I AM CAESAR!"**



GENERALISSIMO BLAKE ROSE STEADILY IN PRESTIGE, POWER AND AUTHORITY--- AND WAS SOON THE OBJECT OF HEATED CONFERENCES---

BUT WE **DARE** NOT LIQUIDATE HIM! THE TROOPS ADORE HIM--- LOOK UPON HIM AS **DIVINE!**

ALL THE MORE REASON TO GET RID OF HIM WITHOUT DELAY! HE IS **TOO** POWERFUL---**TOO** **AMBITIOUS!**



I HAVE NEVER REALLY **TRUSTED** HIM! IS HE NOT A **FOREIGNER?**

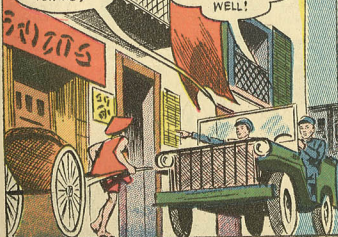
WHY WASTE WORDS? HE IS A THREAT TO **OUR** POWER! HE MUST BE GOTTEN OUT OF THE WAY **QUIETLY**---SO LET US PLAN CAREFULLY!



THAT VERY AFTERNOON, TONY BLAKE WAS IN CHUNGKING ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS! DRIVING THROUGH ITS STREETS, HE OBEYED A SUDDEN IMPULSE---

PULL UP OVER THERE AND WAIT FOR ME!

IN FRONT OF THAT **TEA ROOM?** BUT---OH, VERY WELL!



THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO READ TEA LEAVES---AND HE LISTENED TO THE USUAL RECITATION SKEPTICALLY! BUT THEN---

YOU HAVE **ENEMIES**, GREAT ONE! THERE IS **DANGER** FOR YOU ON THE MIDDLE DAY OF NEXT MONTH---**GREAT DANGER!**

GREAT SCOTT!---NEXT MONTH IS **MARCH!** AND THE MIDDLE DAY IS THE **15TH!**



THERE WAS NO SLEEP FOR THE TRAITOR THAT NIGHT! HE WAS BESET BY REAL SUSPICIONS AND NAMELESS FEARS...

IT'S NOT JUST MY IMAGINATION! THE BIG SHOTS HAVE BEEN ACTING **SUSPICIOUS** LATELY! THEY'D RUB ME OUT LIKE A FLY...



WITH HIS USUAL DECISIVENESS, TONY ACTED SWIFTLY! THAT VERY NIGHT HE ROUSED A PILOT AT GUNPOINT AND MADE HIS BID FOR SAFETY...

BUT... BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO **EUROPE** ...AND **FAST!**



TWO WEEKS LATER, IN ROME...

GOOD THING I HAD PLENTY OF LOOT STASHED AWAY IN EUROPEAN BANKS WHEN I WAS OPERATING IN CHINA! I DON'T HAVE A WORRY IN THE WORLD!

ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?



BUT IN CHINA...

BLAKE MUST NOT LIVE! SUPPOSE HE SELLS OUR PLANS TO THE WEST?

OUR ESPIONAGE REPORTS THAT HE'S IN **ROME!** WE MUST CONTACT OUR AGENTS THERE... THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO BE LOST!



THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

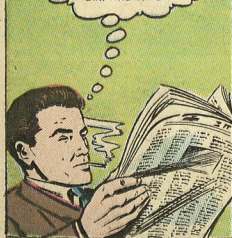
A LOVELY DAY, SIGNOR! SPRING IS IN THE AIR!

I'M NOT LEAVING MY ROOM **TODAY**, PIETRO! SEND ME UP A STACK OF PAPERS TO READ!



STRANGE THAT ON SUCH A LOVELY DAY, HE FELT AN ABSOLUTE TERROR OF GOING OUT OF DOORS...

IT'S **MARCH 15th!**...AND THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN **BAD LUCK** TO ME! NO SENSE TEMPTING FATE!



HE PACED HIS ROOM LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL TILL LONG AFTER DARKNESS HAD FALLEN! HE HAPPEDED TO BE GLANCING OUT THE WINDOW WHEN...

KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING!

THOSE MEN... THERE'S SOMETHING **SUSPICIOUS** ABOUT 'EM!



TAKING NO CHANCES, TONY SLIPPED UP THE STAIRWAY AND WAITED...

THIS IS HIS ROOM! CAREFUL, HE'S DANGEROUS!

GREAT GUNS... I WAS **RIGHT!** I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!



AS THE ASSASSINS BURST INTO HIS EMPTY ROOM, TONY DASHED FRANTICALLY DOWN THE STAIRS, THROUGH THE HOTEL LOBBY, AND INTO THE STREET...



LOOK!
THERE HE
GOES...
AFTER
HIM!

PURSUED THROUGH THE DARKENED STREETS OF ROME, NO PLACE SEEMED SAFE! FOOTSTEPS WERE ALWAYS NOT FAR BEHIND, AND HE DARED NOT REST...



THOSE OLD RUINS...
I'LL HIDE DOWN THERE!
THEY'LL NEVER FIND
ME!

THERE
HE
IS!

THE DARK HULK OF THE ANCIENT COLISEUM LOOMED NEARBY! HERE, WHERE THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME HAD KNOWN ITS FULL GLORY, THE FLEEING TRAITOR SOUGHT SAFETY...

HE'S
AROUND
HERE
SOME-
WHERE!

THEY CAN'T
SEE ME... I'M
SAFE!



SAFE... WERE IT NOT FOR THAT SUDDEN SNEEZE!

AAA-CHOO!

IT'S HIM!
OVER
THERE!



THE ANGRY BEAMS OF FLASHLIGHTS ILLUMINATED HIM IN THE DARKNESS! MOMENTARILY BLINDED, HE COULD STILL SEE THE WEAPONS GLISTENING IN THE HANDS OF THE ASSASSINS...

NO!
NO!
DON'T...



THERE WAS A SHARP VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE, THE SOUND OF FLEEING FEET... AND THEN ALL WAS SILENCE AMONG THE ANCIENT RUINS! NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE OF ROME FOUND AN UNIDENTIFIED BODY...

CAN'T TELL WHO
HE IS! JUST A
THUG, I GUESS!

LOOKS LIKE A GANG KILLING!
INTERESTING, ISN'T IT... THE
GUIDEBOOKS SAY THIS IS
THE VERY SPOT WHERE
CAESAR WAS ASSASSINATED
2,000 YEARS AGO!



YOU DON'T SAY! THAT
IS INTERESTING, BECAUSE
YESTERDAY WAS MARCH
15TH... THE IDES OF
MARCH!

LIFE'S AWFULLY FUNNY
WHEN IT COMES TO
THESE COINCIDENCES!
WHY, YOU MIGHT SAY THAT
THIS MAN EVEN LOOKS
A LITTLE BIT LIKE
CAESAR!



THE END!



IT'S mail-time again! Time to dip into the mailbags and select representative letters from readers of "Adventures Into The Unknown". We present these items to you in order to set forth a cross-section of public opinion on this, yours and our magazine. Some of it is good, for which we're happy...but

some will indicate, possibly, that you can't please everyone! We want to know that, too, so that if we have gone astray, we can correct our endeavors. So let's hear from you, too! Send your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

"Dear Editor:-

I've got the biggest collection of comics in Little Rock, and I think I've read every good one during the last five years. I'd say 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the best by far, because what other book would publish such a wonderful story as 'I Keep Dreaming Of Grandpa'!" Keep anywhere near that stand...and I'm a reader for life!

...Barnet Hollis, Little Rock, Ark."

A lot of fans are casting their votes for that one, Barnet...and we're in full agreement! And we're going to keep on trying to bring you yarns of just that calibre!

"Dear Editor:-

In your June issue, you ran a story called 'The House on Magnolia Street' which I thought was simply great. My cousin asked me to explain it to him, and I found I couldn't. What I want to know is, am I crazy to like a plot I can't fully understand? But whether I am or not, 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is still tops on my list!

...Betty Jean Perotti, Springfield, Mass."

You're as sane as can be, Betty! Most people would be at a loss if you asked them to explain every detail of the plots of our leading movies and television programs. The test is...did the story make sense? Was it tense and gripping? If it passes on these scores, you're well ahead of the game!

"Dear Editor:-

I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You start the April issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' with a swell story like 'I Keep Dreaming of Grandpa' and then you ruin the rest of the magazine with duds like 'The Genius' and 'The Sumatran Seed'. Didn't you ever hear of being consistent?

...Leo Killian, Tuscaloosa, Ala."

We don't agree that those last two were duds, Leo, even though we do most certainly admit that their quality wasn't consistent with that of 'Grandpa'. If you can make every story live up to that one we'll gladly hand our job over to you... you'd deserve it!

"Dear Editor:-

For a long time, 'Adventures Into The Unknown' has been my favorite mag, but now I've got a gripe. I'm talking about your covers, which are misleading. They're exciting and make you want to read the story they illustrate, but when I turn to it, I often find the story different than what I'd been led to expect. How come?

...August Henline, Chicago, Ill."

We try to illustrate the spirit of a story, August, and you'll find that the cover never departs from it. Our covers are mighty important to us, and we work hard to produce a thrilling and challenging product. If any of our other readers objects to our handling in this department, we'd like to hear from them!

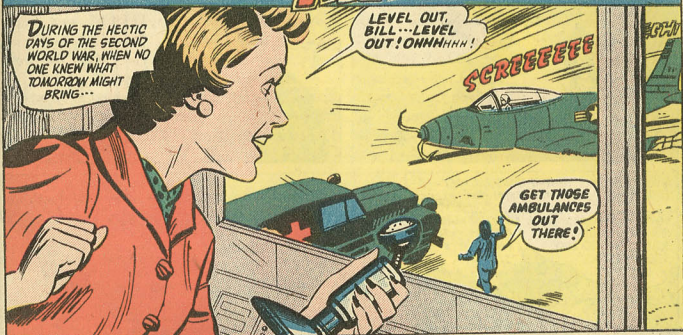
"Dear Editor:-

All my friends are still talking about 'The Enchanted Toolshed', in a recent issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. They're all crazy about it. I thought it was a fine story, too, and your magazine is always tops. The only objection I have is that it was humorous, which I don't think belongs in a magazine of this type. I'll bet you'll find that a lot of people agree with me!

...F. S. Goodman, Philadelphia, Pa."

What's wrong with a story having a humorous twist, as long as it packs the other necessary ingredients of action, excitement, suspense? We feel that it adds a fine touch of human interest. In addition, such a yarn helps give a magazine balance. Look at the other stories in this issue, such as 'The Deserted City' and 'The Gypsies'. Those were grim enough for anyone!

The SECOND MRS. MANION!



LEVEL OUT,
BILL...LEVEL
OUT! OHNNHHH!

SCREEEEEE

GET THOSE
AMBULANCES
OUT
THERE!

HE WAS CAPTAIN
BILL MANION,
OF THE U.S. AIR
CORPS BASED IN
ENGLAND...AND
SHE WAS **LADY
CYNTHIA CONWAY**,
DAUGHTER OF ONE
OF ENGLAND'S MOST
ARISTOCRATIC
FAMILIES...

I...I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
GET OUT OF
THAT CRASH
ALIVE!

THAT WAS
NOTHING,
HONEY! YOU
MUSTN'T BE
SO **NERVOUS**!



IT HAD BEEN AN
INTENSELY
POWERFUL LOVE
ON BOTH SIDES
FROM THE
BEGINNING,
AND OBSTACLES
ONLY STRENGTHENED
IT...

MY OWN SISTER
...ROMANCING
WITH A...A
COMMONER!

I DON'T CARE
ABOUT HIS WEALTH
OR POSITION...I
LOVE HIM!



BUT YOU ADMIT HE WORKS
IN A **FILLING STATION** IN
THE UNITED STATES! CYNTHIA,
THINK OF OUR FAMILY HONOR!
I ABSOLUTELY FORBID THIS
MATCH!

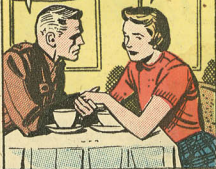
PLEASE,
ALFRED...BE
REASONABLE!



IN A GIRL BROUGHT UP LIKE CYNTHIA,
SOCIAL TRADITIONS WERE VERY STRONG!
WHEN THE WAR ENDED...

I DON'T GET IT,
HONEY...YOU ACT
SCARED OF YOUR
BROTHER! I'LL BE
GOING **HOME**
SOON, AND I'M
ASKING YOU TO
GO **WITH ME!**

YOU KNOW I
WANT TO
DARLING...BUT
YOU'VE GOT TO
GIVE ME TIME
TO WIN ALFRED'S
APPROVAL!

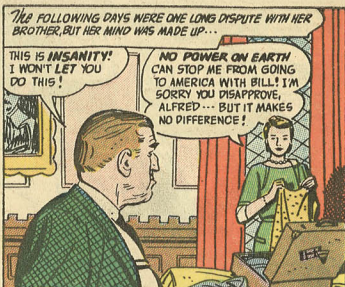


**WEEKS PASSED, AND AT LAST THE
DECISION COULD BE PUT OFF NO
LONGER...**

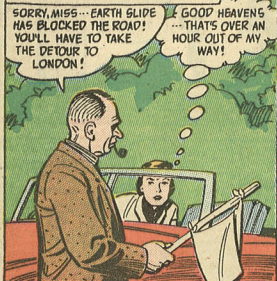
IT'S NOW OR **NEVER**, CYNTHIA! AT
7:30 SUNDAY NIGHT I'M TAKING THE
BOAT TRAIN FROM PICADILLY STATION!
IF YOU LOVE ME YOU'LL BE THERE! IF
YOU'RE NOT...WELL,
I'LL TRY TO FORGET
YOU!

OH, BILL, **BILL**...
I NEED MORE
TIME!

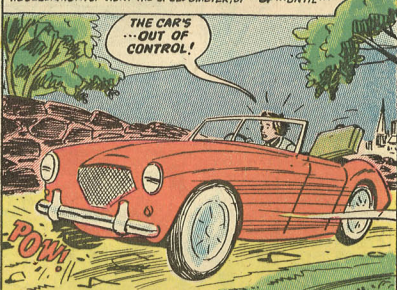




WITH PLENTY OF TIME TO SPARE, SHE LEFT HER COUNTRY HOME FOR PICADILLY STATION...



IGNORING THE GUTTED CONDITION OF THE ROAD, SHE STEPPED ON THE ACCELERATOR! UP WENT THE SPEEDOMETER, UP...UP...UNTIL...



MORE THAN AN HOUR PASSED BEFORE AN AMBULANCE REACHED THE SCENE...

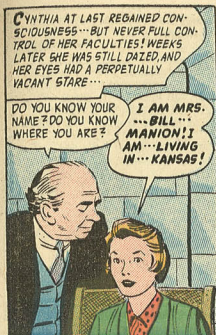


AT PICADILLY STATION...



DOCTORS FEARED GRAVELY FOR CYNTHIA'S LIFE! DAY AFTER DAY SHE REMAINED IN A PROFOUND COMA...





CYNTHIA AT LAST REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS... BUT NEVER FULL CONTROL OF HER FACULTIES! WEEKS LATER SHE WAS STILL DAZED, AND HER EYES HAD A PERPETUALLY VACANT STARE...

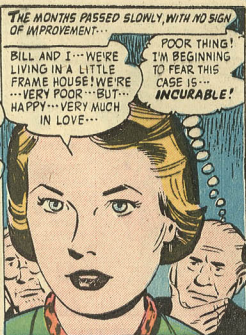
DO YOU KNOW YOUR NAME? DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?

I AM MRS. ...BILL... MANION! I AM... LIVING IN... KANSAS!



YOUR SISTER IS SUFFERING FROM A SYSTEMATIC DELUSION! SHE THINKS SHE IS THE WIFE OF THE MAN SHE LOVED... BECAUSE SHE WANTS TO THINK THAT!

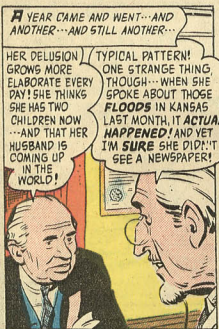
CURE HER! I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE HER THIS WAY! IT'S AS IF PART OF HER WAS... ELSEWHERE!



THE MONTHS PASSED SLOWLY, WITH NO SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT...

BILL AND I... WE'RE LIVING IN A LITTLE FRAME HOUSE! WE'RE... VERY POOR... BUT... HAPPY... VERY MUCH IN LOVE...

POOR THING! I'M BEGINNING TO FEAR THIS CASE IS... INCURABLE!



A YEAR CAME AND WENT... AND ANOTHER... AND STILL ANOTHER...

HER DELUSION GROWS MORE ELABORATE EVERY DAY! SHE THINKS SHE HAS TWO CHILDREN NOW... AND THAT HER HUSBAND IS COMING UP IN THE WORLD!

TYPICAL PATTERN! ONE STRANGE THING THOUGH... WHEN SHE SPOKE ABOUT THOSE FLOODS IN KANSAS LAST MONTH, IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED! AND YET I'M SURE SHE DIDN'T SEE A NEWSPAPER!



AT THE END OF FIVE YEARS, CYNTHIA WAS ALMOST A FORGOTTEN PATIENT IN THE SANATORIUM! AND THEN, INEXPLICABLY, SHE FELL INTO ANOTHER DEEP COMA...

IT MUST BE PRESSURE ON HER DAMAGED BRAIN! WE'RE HELPLESS!

PERHAPS IT'S A BLESSING! ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN HER LIVING TORTURE!



THE END WAS EXPECTED AT ANY MOMENT, WHEN A REMARKABLE THING HAPPENED...

I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE MY WIFE IS HERE... MRS. BILL MANION! I HAVE A RATHER MYSTERIOUS LETTER FROM HER...

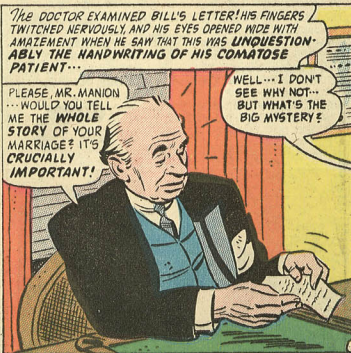
WE HAVE NO SUCH PATIENT HERE!... WAIT, I'LL ASK THE HEAD DOCTOR!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

YOU SAY MRS. MANION... YOUR WIFE... IS HERE?

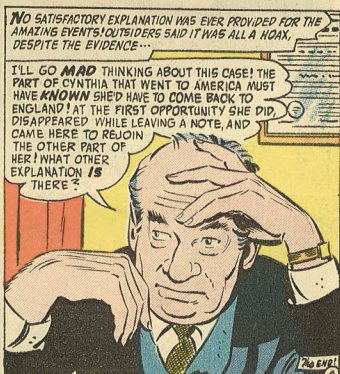
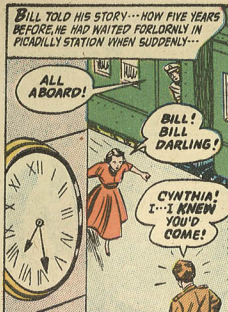
WHEN I GOT BACK TO MY HOTEL THIS AFTERNOON I FOUND THIS LETTER FROM HER... SAYING I'D FIND HER HERE! BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY!



THE DOCTOR EXAMINED BILL'S LETTER! HIS FINGERS TWITCHED NERVOUSLY, AND HIS EYES OPENED WIDE WITH AMAZEMENT WHEN HE SAW THAT THIS WAS UNQUESTIONABLY THE HANDWRITING OF HIS COMATOSE PATIENT...

PLEASE, MR. MANION... WOULD YOU TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY OF YOUR MARRIAGE? IT'S CRUCIALLY IMPORTANT!

WELL... I DON'T SEE WHY NOT... BUT WHAT'S THE BIG MYSTERY?



What's BEHIND that SUPERSTITION?

NO. 1
The BROKEN
MIRROR

AT THE INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH...
DR. ORIN BLAKELY, CURATOR, SPEAKS...

WE HERE HAVE MADE A CLOSE STUDY
OF THE **COMMON SUPERSTITIONS**,
AND WE'RE GLAD TO PASS ON ANY
INFORMATION WE HAVE TO INTERESTED
PARTIES! TO BEGIN WITH, LET'S
TAKE THE CASE OF THE
BROKEN MIRROR!

ACCORDING TO ONE BELIEF, THE SUPERSTITION
STARTED WITH A FAVORITE HAND MIRROR, OWNED
BY KING OTTO OF BADEN IN 1374...

LET THESE BE THE
SIGNS OF MY REGAL
OFFICE...MY SCEPTRE
AND MY MIRROR!

"HERMAN, HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, COVETED THE MIRROR,
BELIEVING IT POSSESSED OF MYSTIC POWERS! AND SO,
ONE NIGHT, HE CREEPT INTO THE RULER'S CHAMBER..."

"BUT IT SLIPPED FROM HIS GRASP, SHATTERING UPON THE FLOOR---AND AWAKENING THE KING!"



WHAT NO...
GUARDS! SEIZE
ME THIS
INTRUDER!

"AND AS THE MISCREANT WENT TOWARDS HIS DOOM..."

PERHAPS THE MIRROR, WHOLE, MIGHT
HAVE BROUGHT HERMAN HIS HEART'S
DESIRE! BUT BROKEN...IT WAS
BAD LUCK FOR
HIM!



"THERE'S ANOTHER VERSION OF THE BROKEN MIRROR SUPERSTITION!
IN ANCIENT DAYS, PRISONERS OF THE INQUISITION HAD TO GO
THROUGH MANY TESTS TO PROVE THEIR INNOCENCE! THERE
WAS THE DREAD ORDEAL BY FIRE..."

HAVE MERCY! I---I CAN'T
FACE THAT...

IF YOU WERE INNOCENT, IT
WOULD HARM YOU NOT! NOW
--- PAY THE PENALTY OF
YOUR GUILT!



"BUT OCCASIONALLY, THERE WERE STOICS WHO
ENDURED THE ORDEAL! FOR THESE, THERE WAS
YET ANOTHER 'TEST'..."

GAZE INTO THIS GLASS! IF GUILTY, IT
WILL REFLECT BACK YOUR FACE!
BUT IF YOU COMMITTED NO
CRIME, THE MIRROR WILL
REMAIN BLANK!



NO---NO! THE GLASS LIES!
I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU
---INNOCENT!



"NOW THE MIRROR WOULD BE HANDED BACK
TO THE JUDGE, WHO---IN A SYMBOLIC
GESTURE..."

LEAD THE
PRISONER TO
THE PLACE OF
EXECUTION!



"EITHER OF THESE MIGHT HAVE BEEN
THE SOURCE OF THE SUPERSTITION! OR
ELSE, IT MIGHT EVEN HAVE BEEN
SOMETHING AS SIMPLE AS THIS..."

I BROKE THE GLASS---
AND WHEN I TRIED
TO PICK UP THE PIECES,
MY FINGER WAS
CUT...

IT WAS
INDEED
BAD
LUCK!



"SO THERE YOU ARE... BUT IF YOU THINK A BROKEN MIRROR'S GOT TO BE BAD LUCK, THEN LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO PFC AL BARRONE! IT WAS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, DURING THE LATE WAR..."



"YOU KNOW WE DON'T WANT TO BE TROUBLED BY PRISONERS! LEAVE HIM HERE UNTIL AFTER I'VE LEFT THE SECTOR, AND THEN... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

"AND SO, SECURELY BOUND, HE WAS LEFT IN THE HUT... AWAITING HIS INEVITABLE DOOM..."

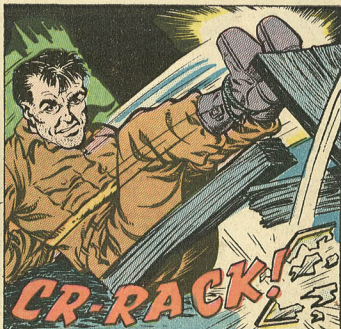
NO USE... CAN'T BREAK... THESE ROPES! IF ONLY... THEY HADN'T TAKEN MY KNIFE AWAY...



"HE KNEW THE JAPS WOULD RETURN ANY MOMENT... AND THAT WOULD MEAN THE END! AND THEN HIS EYES LIT ON SOMETHING... AND AN IDEA FLASHED THROUGH HIS MIND..."



HEY... A MIRROR! THERE MAY BE A CHANCE YET!



THEY'LL BE BACK ANY SECOND! IF ONLY THERE'S TIME ENOUGH TO GET TO THAT TOMMY-GUN THAT'S STANDING OVER THERE AGAINST THE WALL...



"HE MADE IT... JUST IN TIME! THAT'S HOW PFC AL BARRONE ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE..."



THANK HEAVENS FOR THAT BROKEN MIRROR! WAS I IN LUCK!

YOU'VE SEEN, NOW, THE SORT OF THING THAT LIES BEHIND THE BROKEN MIRROR SUPERSTITION! DO YOU BELIEVE IN IT, OR NOT? ALL I CAN SAY IS... IT'S UP TO YOU!



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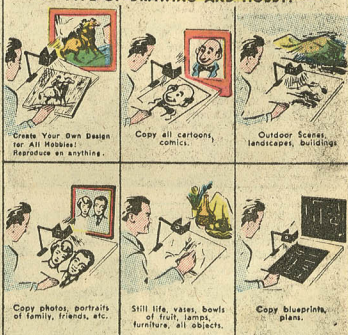
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YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained **25 Terrific LBS.** of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

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I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work! for WINNING at ALL SPORTS!

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"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as **EVERY MAN** should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you **OVER** by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for **MANY THOUSANDS** of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR **520 MUSCLES** Gain Pounds, **INCHES FAST!**

YES! You'll see **INCHES** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to your **ARMS** and **CHEST**. Your **BACK** and **SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels you'll gain **SIZE, POWER, SPEED**. You'll be A **WINNER** in EVERYTHING you tackle.



How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE-PACKED **HE-MAN COURSES**

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1

2

3

4

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He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

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He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



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